

XXVI A. 18 Lyra Britannica 1238 by Doctor Boyce for voice, Harpsichord, violin
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XXVI. A. 18.
1238.
LYRA BRITANNICA.

A Collection of English Songs
AND

CANTATAS;

Composed by

D^R BOYCE,

FOR THE

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

L O N D O N :

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The Song of DIANA. In Dryden's Secular Masque.

3

Allegro.

With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day And hie to my Woodland waks away.

I tuck up my Robe and am buskin'd soon And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon

I course the fleet Stag, un-ken-nel the Fox And chase the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry doubles the

4

Cry - - - - - With shouting and hooting we

pierce thro' the Sky And Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry

With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day And hie to my

Woodland walks away I tuck up my Robe and am buskin'd foon And tye to my Forehead a

wexing Moon I course the fleet Stag un- ken- nel the Fox And chace the wild Goats o'er

Summits of Rocks With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky And Echo turns Hunter and

Handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring multiple systems of music. The notation includes treble and bass staves, with lyrics and musical directions written below the notes. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time.

Lyrics and musical directions include:

- doubles the Cry
- With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky and
- Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry
- Sy.
- doubles the Cry.

The score concludes with a double bar line.

The Song of VENUS, In, Drydens Secular Masque.

7

things are as they were Neither side a winner For things are as they were

VENUS.

Amoroso. Calms ap - - pear when Storms are past

Calms ap - - pear when Storms are past Love will have his Hour at last Love will have his

Hour at last Nature is my kind - ly Care Mars destroys

and I re - pair Mars destroys and I re - pair Take me take me while you

may Venus comes not ev' - - ry Day Take me take me while you may Venus

(109)

comes not ev' - ry Day Take me take me while you may Venus comes not ev' - ry Day Venus comes not ev' - ry

Day Day

1st *2^d*

1st *2^d*

Spirituofo.

SONG.

The words by Congrave.

Tell me no more I am deceiv'd That Cloe's false and common By Heav'n I all a long be - liev'd She was a ve - ry Woman a very

ve - ry Woman

Sy.

As such I lik'd as such carefs'd She still was constant when possess'd She cou'd do more for

no Man She cou'd do mo - re for no Man.

Sy.

But oh, her Thoughts on others ran And that you

think a hard thing Per - haps she fancy'd you the Man And what care I one Farthing and what care I one Farthing.

Sy.

(109)

9

You think she's false I'm sure she's kind I take her Body You her Mind Who has the bet-ter

Bargain! who who has the bet-ter Bargain.

Dolce. **SONG.**

On thy banks gent-le Stour when I breath'd the soft Flute To Chlo-e's sweet accents at-ten-tion fat mute

To her Voice with what transport I swell'd the flow strain Or return'd dying measures in Echoes a-gain Little Cupid beat Time and the

Graces a-round Taught with even divisions to va-ry the Sound Taught with even divisions to va-ry the Sound.

2. From my Chloe remov'd when I bid it complain,
And warble smooth numbers to sooth love-sick pain,
How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes flow!
And the soft falling Strains how insipidly flow!
I will play then no more - for 'tis her voice alone,
Must enrapture my Soul to enliven its tone.

NB: The first two lines of the last Stanza
not to be repeated.

AGE. From ANACREON.

The words by Cowley.

RECIT.

Oh am I by the Women told, Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st Old. Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st Old.

Look! look how thy Hairs are fal-ling all; Poor Anacreon, Poor Anacreon, how they fall.

Allegro.

Tafo Solo.

Whether I grow Old or no By th'effects I

do not know

This I know without being told 'Tis time to Live if I grow Old 'Tis time to Live if I grow

Tafo Solo.

Old This I know without being told 'Tis time to Live if I grow Old

'Tis time short Pleasures

Tafo Solo.

now to, take of lit-tle Life the best to, make and manage wisely the last Stake manage wisely the last Stake 'Tis time short

Tafo Solo.

Pleasures now to take of little Life the best to make And manage wife - - - ly manage wisely the last Stake manage wife - - -

- - - ly manage wisely the last Stake

Tafo Solo.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Moderato.

I Look'd, and I Sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak, And very fain would have been at - - - her, But when I strove most my great Passion to

break, Still then I said least of the Matter. I swore to myself and re-solv'd I would try, Some way my poor Heart to re-co-ver, But

that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die, Than live with forbearing to love - her Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear Cælia be kind then and since your own Eyes,
By Looks can command Adoration:
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise,
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

We'll look and we'll love, and tho' nither shou'd speak,
The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing:
And so without Words I don't doubt we may make,
A very good end of this Wooing.

SONG FOR TWO VOICES.

Largo.

How hard is the Fortune of all Womankind For e-ver Sub-jec-ted for ever con-fin'd Our Parents controul us un-till we are Wives Our
How hard is the Fortune of all Womankind For e-ver Sub-jec-ted for ever con-fin'd Our Parents controul us un-till we are Wives Our
Husbands en-slave us the rest of our Lives Our Husbands en-slave us the rest of our Lives.
Husbands en-slave us the rest of our Lives Our Husbands en-slave us the rest of our Lives.

2.
Tho' fondly we Love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal:
Deny'd ev'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,
:S: We're Sham'd if we're kind, and we're Blam'd if we're coy. :S:

WELL-JUDGING PHYLLIS.

The words by Lockman.

Larghetto
Near Thames green Banks a love-lorn Nymph re- - clin'd Thus tax'd her Thy-ris vari-ous as the Wind
Halt thou perfidious Youth thy Oaths for-got And must the mourn-full Wil-low be my Lot And must the mournfull

Sy.

Wil - low be my Lot.

2.
 Since thou contemning Gods thy Vows haft broke
 Thus play'd with Love and made my Fame thy Joke
 A dire Revenge on thee I now have chose
 :S: For soon these Waves shall end my Life and Woes.

3.
 This said she halted to the Sounding Flood
 And Shudd'ring o'er its flow'ry Margin stood
 The Tear of Anguish Starting in her Eye
 :S: Resolv'd to plunge the vents a dismal Sigh.

But in his Ter - rors whilst grim Death ap - - - pears the

RECIT. Spirituoso.

Cries (her wav'ring Mind o'er spread with Fears) 'Tis Madnefs all 'Tis mad - nefs mad - nefs all. I'll

fly back to the Plains I've but one Life And there's a choice of Swains I've but one Life And there's a

choice of Swains 'Tis madness all 'Tis madness madness all I'll fly back to the Plains I've but one Life And there's a

choice of Swains I've but one Life And there's a choice of Swains a choice of Swains I've but one Life And there's a choice of Swains.

CANTATA I.

RECIT.

Long with undistinguish'd flame I lov'd each Fair each wit-ty Dame My Heart the Belle assembly gain'd And all an equal Sway main-tain'd

But when you came you stood confest Sole Sul-ta-na of my breast For you eclips'd (supremely fair) All the whole Seraglio there.

And^{te} Vivace.

In This her Mein in That her Grace In a Third I Lov'd a Face But You in ev'ry fea - - ture shine U - ni - ver - - sal - -

Sy. ly Divine What can those Snow-white Breasts excell Do they sink or

do -- they swell While those lovely wan- ton Eyes Sparkling meet them as they rise Sparkling meet them as they rise

When to sweet Sounds your steps you suit And weave the Minuet to the Lute Heav'n how you glide -- her Neck! her

Chest! Does she move or does she rest -- does she move or does she rest.

As those Roguish Eyes ad- vance, Let me catch their side -- long glance. soon or they'll el-

- lude my Sight Quick as Light'ning and as bright. Quick as Light' - - ning and as bright - - Quick as

Light' - ning and as bright.

(109)

RECIT

Thus the bash - ful Pleiad peeps Charms her Moment and re - treats Then peeps a - gain

Figured bass: $\frac{7}{b4\ 2}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 $b6$ 6 $b5$

Then sculks un - seen Veil'd be - hind the azure Skreen.

Figured bass: 5 7 #

Moderato.

Like the e - - ver - toyng Dove Smile Im - men - fi - - ty of Love Be Venus

Figured bass: 6 7 $b6$ 6 7 $b6$

in each outward part And wear the Vef - tal in your heart wear the Vef - tal in your heart.

Figured bass: 6 7 $b4$ 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 $\frac{5}{4}$ 6 7 6 6 $\frac{5}{4}$

When I ask a Kiss or so Grant it with a beg - ging No And let each Rose that deck your face

Figured bass: 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 5 # 6 $b6$ 6 $b6$

Blush, af - sent to my em - brace, blush, af - sent to my em - brace.

Figured bass: 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 4 5 (109) 6 6 4 5

JESSY or the HAPPY PAIR.

17

Vivace.

How blest has my

Time been what Days have I known Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made Jef-fy my own So joy-ful my Heart is so ea-sy my

Chain That Freedom is taft-les and Ro-ving a Pain That Free-dom is taft-les and Ro-ving a Pain

2.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbinds as often we stray
Around us our Boys and Girls frolick and play
How pleasing their sport is the Wanton ones see
:S: And borrow their Looks from my Jessy and me.

3

To try her sweet Temper oft' times am I seen
In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green
Tho' painful my Absence my doubts she beguiles
:S: And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles.

4.

What tho' on her Cheek the Rose loses its Hue
Her Ease and Good humor bloom all the Year thro'
Time still as he flies brings Encrease to her Truth
:S: And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth.

5.

Ye Shepherds so gay who make Love to ensnare
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair
In Search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam
:S: To hold it for Life you must find it at Home.

Moderato.

A-maz'd their un-fre-quented Fanes The De-i-ties sur-vey'd No Victims to their Altars brought No

A-do-ra-tion paid - No A-do-ra-tion paid To Jove with loud Com-plaints they came And quick re-dress Im

plor'd That Men Reclaim'd might own their Sway Their Wor-ship be Re-stor'd - - - their Wor-ship be Re-stor'd.

2.

Jove Smil'd Assent and strait he fram'd
 Cleora heav'nly fair
 With Venus Form Minerva's Mind
 And Juno's graceful Air
 Then sent the Nymph to Earth that Men
 Th' Immortals might revere
 For all must bless the Pow'rs above
 When e'er they look on her.

CANTATA II.**Andante**

Tell me ye Brooks where can my Dar-ling hide O lead me to him as ye gent - - - ly glide

O lead me to him as ye gent - - ly glide In yon dark Bow'r does he soft-slumb'ring lay And there the Tri-bute

to your Mur-murs pay There the Tri-bute to your Mur-murs pay.

RECIT.

In vain to find him I implore your Aid And tell my Longings to your bending Shade His deep hid Covert you must

ne'er dis-clofe Whence now he spies me now he spies me and derides my Woes.

Vivace.

When Night draws off from me the Char-mer flies When Night draws off from me the Charmer

flies In vain I call him still he mocks my Sighs still he mocks my Sighs He flies he flies he

flies At ran-dom I these Words em-ploy at ran-dom I these Words em-ploy My Soul's De-

- light may be a wingless Boy may be a wingless Boy My Soul's De-light may be a wingless

Boy Frut-less for him your moss-ey Banks I trace And

Tafo Solo.

sweet-ly tor-tur'd rove from Place to Place Rove from Place to Place Rove from Place to Place In Grotts a-

- lone In Grotts a-lone he's kind as Love can be kind as Love can be Thus what I doat on I must

ne-ver ne-ver see what I doat on I must ne-ver ne-ver see what I doat on I must ne-ver

Tafo Solo.

Tafo Solo.

(110)

ne - ver fee I must ne - ver ne - ver fee.

Vivace.

As Damon stood in pensive Mood A-man-da chanc'd to pass Yet still he

stood like log of Wood Nor saw the Buxom Lass For him she burns And soon returns Re-solv'd to let him know How dull he

Sy.

was To let her pass She gave his Arm a Blow.

2

The Swain amaz'd
 In silence gaz'd
 A while upon her Charms
 Then bowing said
 Ah lovely Maid
 Come to my longing Arms
 When you my Dear
 Part by I swear
 On your bright Charms I thought
 You must forgive
 Since as I live
 'Twas You that caus'd the fault.

SENT with a LADY'S KID GLOVE.

Moderato.

Go Vir-gin Kid with lam-bent Kifs Sa-lute a Vir-gin hand

Go Senseless Thing and reap a Blifs Thou dost not un-der-stand

2.
Go for in Thee methinks I find
(Tho' tis not half so bright)
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind
By Nature clad in white.

3.
Securely thou may'st touch the fair
Whom few Securely can
May'st press her Breast her Lip her Hair
Or wanton with her Fan.

4.
May'st Coach it with her to and fro'
From Masquerades and plays
O could'st thou hither come and go
And tell me what she says.

5.
Go Kid and when the Morning Cold
Shall nip her lilly Arm.
Do thou (O might I be so bold)
With Kisses make it warm.

6.
And when thy Glossy beauty's o'er
And all thy charms are gone.
Return to me I'll love thee more
Than ever yet I've done.

Allegro.

Loft to the joys of Life is He O - - Sleep who

yields his Hours to Thee If e-ver I in-voke thy aid Let Bacchus first my Sense invade Then o'er my Soul be short thy Reign For

Im in haste to Live a-gain For Im in hast to Live - - a-gain. Loft to the Joys of Life is

6 6 4 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6 4 $\frac{5}{3}$ Tafto Solo

He O - - Sleep who yeilds his Hours to Thee If e - ver I in-voke thy Aid Let Bacchus first my

$\frac{4}{2}$ Tafto Solo. 6 $\frac{4}{6}$ 6 6

Senfe invade Then o'er my Soul be short thy Reign For Im in haste to Live again For Im in haste to Live - - - a-gain

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 Tafto Solo.

But should some sweetly sooth - ing Dream dif - play the Idol of - - my Flame With hea - ving Breast and yeild - ing Sighs O

$\frac{3}{4}$ 6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4\#3}$ 6 6 6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4\#3}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{4\#3}$ 6 $\frac{6}{4\#3}$ 6

Sleep Sleep for e - - ver feal my Eyes De - - lu - sion in a State like this Is real and Sub - stan - tial Blifs De - lusion

$\frac{b}{4}$ $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{4}{6}$ 6 $\frac{6}{4\#3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 4 6

in a State like this Is - - real and Substantial Blifs Is - - re - al and Sub - stan - tial Blifs

6 6 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ 5 6 6 $\frac{6}{5}$

A DRINKING SONG FOR TWO VOICES.

Since Nature Man - kind for Socie - - ty fram'd He 'gainst Nature Sins who of Drinking's a-sham'd who of Drinking's of Drinking's a-

Since Nature Man - kind for Socie - - ty fram'd He 'gainst Nature Sins who of Drinking's a-sham'd who of Drinking's a-

Vivace.

6 7 8 8 6 6 4 6 6 6 6

Allegro.

- - - sham'd He 'gainst Nature Sins who of Drinking's a-sham'd Drink Drink then a - bout Drink then a - - bout while all Interest drownd Mirth

- - - sham'd He 'gainst Nature Sins who of Drinking's a-sham'd Drink Drink then a - bout Drink then a - - bout while all Interest drownd Mirth

Allegro.

6 6 5 6 5 6

Humour and Wit with the Cup shall fail round - - - shall fail round Mirth Humour and

Humour and Wit with the Cup shall fail round - - - Mirth Humour and

6 8 5 # 5 5 6 5 # 5 6

Wit with the Cup shall fail round We'll laugh - - - and we'll Sing - - - be bold and Sin - - cere And re - -

Wit with the Cup shall fail round We'll laugh - - - and we'll Sing - - - be bold and Sin - - cere And re - -

6 # 6 7 6 6 # 6

- - mo - ving all Dan - ger we'll ba - nish all Fear We'll mock at the Cautious and Scorn all Dif - - guist Be - gin to be

- - mo - ving all Dan - ger we'll ba - nish all Fear We'll mock at the Cautious and Scorn all Dif - guist Be - -

6 6 6 4 5 6 6 5 # 6 # 6

fro - lick as we cease to be wife Till void of Re - - ferves our jol - ly free Souls Prove clear as our

- - gin to be fro - lick as we cease to be wife Till void of Re - - ferves our jol - ly free Souls Prove

6 6 6 6 5 6

Li - quor and large as our Bowls Till void of Re - ferve our jol - ly free Souls Prove clear as our Li - quor and large as our

clear as our Li - quor and large as our Bowls our jol - ly our jol - ly free Souls Prove clear as our Li - quor and large as our

6 5 *Tasto Solo* 6 5 #

Bowls Prove clear as our Li - quor and large as our Bowls.

Bowls, Prove clear as our Li - quor and large as our Bowls.

5 #

JOHNNY and JENNY.

Allegro.

Let Rakes for pleasure range the Town Or Misers doat on

gol - den guineas Let plenty smile or Fortune frown The sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's mine and Jenny's mine and Jenny's The

sweet of Love are mine and Jenny's. Let wanton Maids in - dulse de - fire How soon the flee - ting peasure

gone is The joys of Vir - tue ne - ver tire And such shall still be mine and Johnny's mine and Johnny's mine and Johnny's And such shall

still be mine and Johnny's. Together let us sport and play And live in pleasures where no fin is The Priest shall tie the

She.
knot to day And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's Johnny Jenny's Johnny Jenny's And wedlocks bands make John-ny Jen-ny's

DUET.
She.
Together let us sport and play And live in pleasures where no fin is The Priest shall tie the knot to day And wedlock bands make John-ny Jenny's Johnny
He.
Together let us sport and play And live in pleasures where no fin is The Priest shall tie the knot to day And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's

Jenny's John-ny Jenny's And wedlocks bands make John-ny Jenny's
Johnny Jenny's Jenny's And wedlocks bands make John-ny Jenny's

He. 2.
Let roving Swains young Heart invade
The pleasure ends in shame and folly
So Willy woo'd and then betray'd
The poor believing simple Molly
Simple Molly &c.

She.
So Lucy lov'd and lightly toy'd
And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry
But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd
And chide too late her faithless Harry
Faithless Harry &c.

He.
But we'll together sport &c.

He. 3.
By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed
And leave deceit to Knaves and Ninnies
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead
And ev'ry Joy be mine and Jenny's

She.
Let guilt the faithless bosom fright
The constant Heart is always bonny
Content and Peace and sweet delight
And Love shall live with me and Johnny

He.
Together then we'll sport &c.

Allegro ma

non Troppo.

To make the wife kind and to keep the House still You must be of her Mind let her say what she

Sy. will In all that she does you must give her her way For tell her she wrong and you lead her a-tray Then Husband stake

care of Sus - picions beware Your Wives may be true if you fancy she are With Confidence trust them and be not such Elves As to make by your Jealousy

Chorus.
Horns for your selves With Confidence trust them and be not such Elves As to make by your Jealousy Horns for your selves

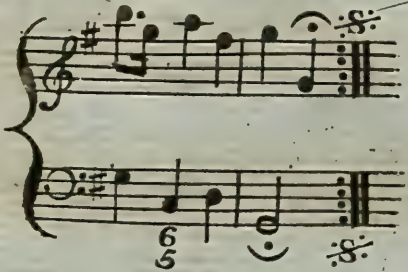
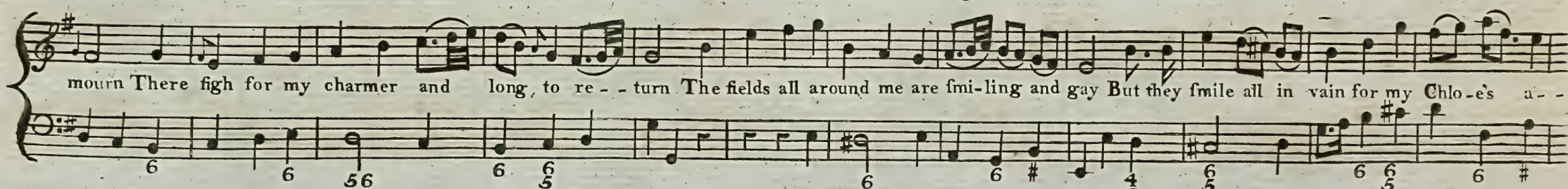
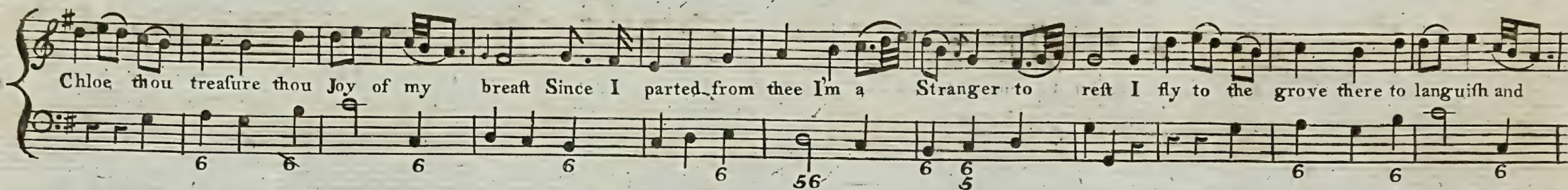
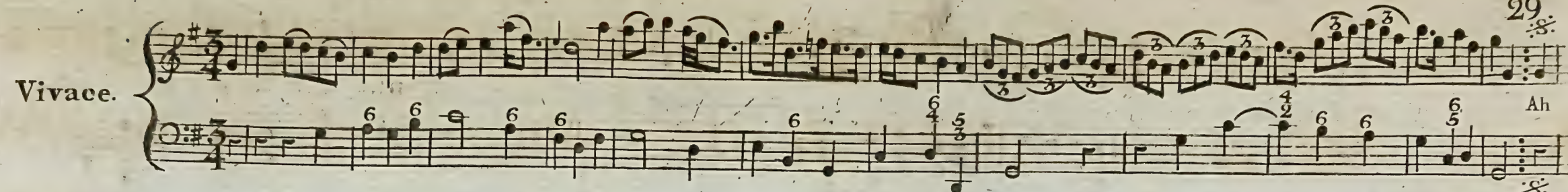
2.
Abroad all the day if she chuses to roam
Seem pleas'd with her Absence she'll sigh to come home
The man she likes best and longs most to be at
Be sure to commend and she'll hate him for that
Then Husbands take care &c.

3.
What virtues she has you may safely oppose
Whatever her Follies are praise her for those
Approve all her Schemes that she lays for a man
For name but a Vice and she'll sin if she can
Then Husbands take care &c.

Vivace.

29

Ah



2.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms
I'm cold, to the fairest tho' glowing with charms
In vain they attack me and sparkle the eye
These are not the looks of my Chloe I cry
These looks where bright love like the Sun sits enthron'd
And smiling diffuses his influence round
'Twas thus I first view'd thee my charmer amaz'd
Thus view'd thee with wonder and lov'd while I gaz'd
Thus view'd thee &c.

3.

Then then the dear fair one was still in my sight
It was pleasure all day it was rapture all night
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair
In secret I languish a prey to despair
But absence and torment abate not my flame
My Chloe's still charming my passion the same
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast
Then absence would please me for I should be blest
Then absence &c.

Allegro ma

non Troppo

You say you love and twenty more Have fight'd and said the same before.

And yet I swear (I can't tell how) I ne'er be-liev'd a Man till now I swear (I can't tell how) I ne'er be--

- liev'd a Man till now. 'Tis odd that I shou'd credit give To words who know that words deceive.

And lay my bet-ter judgment by To trust my par-tial Ear or Eye To trust my par-tial Ear my par-tial Ear or

Eye. Tis ten to one I had deny'd Your suit had you to morrow try'd But

faith unthinking-ly to day My heedless heart is gone astray un-thinkingly to day My heedless heart is gone af-tray.

(110)

To bring it back wou'd give me pain Per-haps the Struggle too were vain
I'm in-do-lent and he that gains My heart may

Sy.

keep it for his pains and he that gains My heart may keep it for his pains.

Sy.

RECIT.

CANTATA III.

Blest in Maria's friendship a fond youth Plan'd scenes of pleasure in Pla-to-nic truth While pre-sent ev'-ry Scene of nature

smil'd But now her absence forms a barren wild Pensive he wanders thro' the sha-dy grove And feels what he call'd friendship to be Love.

Cease throbbing heart in Justi-ce cease Restrain those deepfelt sighs Cou'dst thou expect to keep thy peace Yet see see Ma-ri-a's eyes Cou'dst thou ex-

Larghetto.

-pect to keep thy peace Yet see see Ma-ri-a's eyes As well with light'ning thou might'st play Or look against the blaze of day look against the blaze - - of day

RECIT.

He pauf'd and trembling breath'd the fair ones name But now his wi-shes fan the ri-sing flame Above the friend the

Lover stands con-fest While his fond heart thus wi-shes to be blest.

Allegro.

Ma-ri-a come cometh

all thy heav'nly charms Wrap me in speechless trans-ports is thy arms Wrap me in speechless transport speechless transport

speechless trans-ports in thy arms Wrap me in speechless trans-ports in thy arms

Ma-ri-a come come with all thy heav'nly charms Warp me in speechless transports in - - - thy arms

Wrap me in speechless transports speechless trans- - - ports Wrap me in speechless trans- - ports in thy

arms No more no more shall friendship stinted Joy The place of migh - - ty Love supply

Let us Ma-ri-a Ma-ri-a light up fierce de-fire And both like Se-me-le at once ex-pire Let us like Se-me-le ex-pire both at once ex-

- - pire at once ex-pire Ma-ri-a come come Ma-ria come with all thy charms all thy heav'nly

charms Wrap me in speechless trans- ports in thy arms Wrap me in speechless transports speechless transports. Wrap me in speechless transports

speechless trans- - - ports Wrap me in speechless trans- ports in thy arms:

34 RECIT.

Theron who heard un-seen the am'rous Swain Resolv'd to cure for he had felt the pain And thus advis'd his freedom to re-gain.

Allegro
Affai. *Taſto Solo.*

Go to her and woo her Still try her and ply her When the I-ron is hot you muſt ſtrike ſtrike when the I-ron is

Taſto Solo

hot you muſt ſtrike ſtrike when the I-ron is hot you muſt ſtrike The Sex are beſt pleaſ'd beſt pleaſ'd when they're

teaz'd when they're teas'd by a man that they like beſt pleaſ'd when they're teas'd when teas'd beſt pleaſ'd beſt pleaſ'd when they're teas'd The

Taſto Solo.

Sex are beſt pleaſ'd beſt pleaſ'd when they're teas'd when they're teas'd by a man that they like The Sex are beſt pleaſ'd beſt pleaſ'd when they're

teaz'd when they're teaz'd by a man that thy like When a Woman says no Re-double your blow re-double re - -

- double your blow She'll bear'em as oft as you strike She'll bear'em she'll bear'em she'll bear'em as oft as you strike she'll bear'em as oft as you

strike. The Sex are best pleas'd best pleas'd when they're teaz'd when they're teaz'd by a man that they like best pleas'd when they're teaz'd

when teaz'd best pleas'd best pleas'd when they're teaz'd The Sex are best pleas'd best pleas'd when they're teaz'd when they're teaz'd by a

man that they like The Sex are best pleas'd best pleas'd when they're teaz'd when they're teaz'd by a man that they like.

Tafo Solo.

Allegro

Affai.

Come Mortals come come follow me come follow follow
 follow me To Mirth and Joy and Jol - li - ty Hark hark the call come come and drink And leave your Cares by Lethe's
 brink And leave your Cares - - by Le - the's brink A - way then come come come a - way come come a -
 - way come come a - way And life shall hence be Ho - li - day Ho - li - day Nor jealous Fears nor Strife nor Pain Shall vex the jovial
 Heart a - gain shall vex the jo - - - vial Heart a - - gain.
 A - way &c. repeated in Chorus.

Tafo Solo.

2.

To Lethe's banks then follow all,
 Come follow follow follow all,
 'Tis Pleasure courts obey the Call;
 And Mirth and Jollity and Joy,
 Shall ev'ry future Hour employ. Shall ev'ry &c.
 And then come come come away &c. as before.

Allegro

Affai

Tafo Solo.

Ye Mortals whom Fancies and Troubles per-plex Whom Folly misguides and In fi-mi-ties vex Whose Lives hardly know what it

is to be blest Who rise without Joy and lie down without Rest O-bey the glad Summos to Lethe re-pair Drink deep of the

Stream and for-get all your Care Drink deep of the Stream And for-get all your Care Drink deep of the Stream and for-

get, all your Care

2.
Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the Rover they cannot regain;
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Cloe again be with Passion enjoy'd;
Obey then the Summons to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

3.
The Wife at one Draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
The troubled in Mind shall go cheerful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to day;
Obey then the Summons to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the Stream and forget all your Care.

SONG from ANACREON.

Allegro.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The piano accompaniment features a lively melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand, often using chords and arpeggios. The vocal line is written in a single staff, with lyrics printed below the notes. The score includes several dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *sf* (sforzando), as well as articulation marks like accents and slurs. There are also performance instructions like 'Sy.' (Syllable) and 'Spirituoso.' (Spirited). The lyrics are: 'Of Ro-ses while I wove with anxious care, A Wreath to deck my lovlier Celia's Hair Forth from the Flow'rs where deep he'd crept did I fly Cupid haul Popt him into my glass and swept off Liquor God and all Since when I burn with fierce de-fire The God has fet me all on Fire. Spirituoso. Fill O fill the mighty Bowl Quench this Fever of my Soul.' The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

See the Liquor kifs the Brim Cu-pid thou in Wine shall swim Thou in Wine shall swim But for Life Thou must strive For by

all the Gods a - bove this Night I drown thee Tyrant Tyrant Love this Night I drown thee Ty - rant Love

By all the Gods a - bove this Night I drown thee Tyrant

Tyrant Tyrant Love Tyrant Love Fill O fill the mighty Bowl quench this Fever of my

Soul See the Liquor kifs the Brim Cu-pid thou in Wine shall swim thou in

Wine shall swim But for Life thou must strive For by all the Gods a - bove this Night I drown thee

(111)

40 Sy. Tyrant Tyrant Love this Night I drown thee Tyrant

Tyrant for Life thou must strive for Life thou must strive For by all the Gods a - bove this Night I drown thee

Tyrant Tyrant for Life thou must strive for Life thou must strive For by all the Gods a - bove this Night I

drown thee Tyrant Love Tyrant Love I swear by all the Gods a - bove this Night I drown thee.

Tyrant Love.

Tafo Solo.

Allegro ma non Troppo

SONG.

When the Nymphs were con-ten-ding for Beau-ty and Fame Fair Silvia stood fore-most in
right of - - her claim And to crown the high transports dear conquest ex-cites At Court she was envy'd and toast-ed at
White's At Court she was - envy'd and toast-ed at White's.

2.
But how shall I whisper this fair-one's sad case,
A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face;
Her Vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.
And all &c.

3.
Yet take heed all ye Fair, lest you triumph in vain,
For Silvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
Than when she possess'd the perfection of face.
Than when &c.

4.
Convinc'd she no more can coquet it and teaze,
Instead of tormenting she studies to please;
Makes Truth and Discretion the guides of her life,
And tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well form'd, for a Wife.
And tho' &c.

SONG.

Allegro.

Boast not mis-ta-ken Swain thy Art To please my parti-al Eyes Those charms that have sub-du'd my

heart A - no - ther may def - - pise Those charms that have sub - - du'd my heart A - - no - ther may def - pise - - - A - - -

- no - ther may def - pise.

2.

Thy Face is to my humour made,
 Another it may fright;
 Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd,
 Its oddness may delight.
 Perhaps by &c.

3.

Vain Youth to your confusion know,
 'Tis to my Love's excess,
 You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less.
 You all &c.

4.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
 You shou'd preserve my fire;
 Since you my Swain no more will shine,
 When I no more admire.
 Since you &c.

5.

By me indeed you are allow'd,
 The wonder of your kind;
 But be not of my judgment proud,
 Whom Love has render'd blind.
 But be not &c.

THE DECISION.

43

Allegro.

My Florio wildest of his Sex (Who sure the verie
 Saint would vex) From fair to fair is ranging From fair to fair is ranging Yet tho' abroad the wanton-roam Whene'er he deigns to stay at
 home He's kinder for his changing He's kinder for his changing

2.
 Tho something to each charming she,
 In thoughtless prodigality,
 He's granting still and granting; .S'
 To Phillis that, to Cloe this,

3.
 If haply I his will displease,
 Tempestuous as th'autumnal Seas,
 He foams and rages ever; .S'
 But when he ceases from his ire,

And ev-ry Madam, ev-ry Miss,
 Yet I find nothing wanting; .S'

I cry, such spirit, and such fire,
 Is surely wond'rous clever; .S'

4.
 I ne'er want reason to complain,
 But sweet is pleasure after pain,
 And ev'ry joy grows greater; .S'
 Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
 I should not like him half so well,
 If I could make him better; .S'

THE PATRIOT FAIR.

Allegro.

When young and artless as the
Lamb Who plays a-bout the fondling Dam Brisk buxom pert and Sil-ly I slighted all the Manly Swains And
put my Vir-gin-heart in chains For sim-ple smock-fac'd Bil-ly For sim-ple smock-fac'd Bil-ly.

2.
But when experience came with years,
And rais'd my hopes, and quell'd my fears,
My blood was blithe and bonny;
I turn'd off ev'ry beardless Youth,
And gave my love, and fix'd my truth,
On honest sturdy Johnny.
On honest &c.

3.
But when at Wake I saw the Squire,
For Lace I found a new desire,
Fond to outshine my Mammy;
I figh'd for Fringe, and Frogs, and Beaux,
And pigtail'd Wigs, and powder'd Cloaths,
And silken Matter Sammy.
And silken &c.

4.
For Riches next, I felt a flame,
When to my Cot old Gripus came,
To hold an am'rous parley;
For Musick then I chanc'd to burn,
And fondly listen'd in his turn,
To warb'ling, quav'ring Charly.
To warb'ling, &c.

5.
At length alike the Fools and Wits,
Pops, Fiddlers, Foreigners, and Cits,
All struck me by rotation;
Then learn from me, ye Patriot Fair,
Ne'er make one single man your care,
But sigh for all the nation.
But sigh &c.

TRIO in the WINTERS TALE.

45

MOPSA. Mrs. Vernon.

DORCAS. Miss Young.

Allegro

SHEPHERD. Mr. Beard.

Basso.

Get you hence for I must go where it

Tatto Solo.

O - - whither

Whither whither

whither whither O - - whither

fits not you to know.

where it fits not you to know

where it fits not you to

f It be - comes thy Oath full well Thou to me thy Secrets tell Then whither go'tt say -

f

know.

f 6 4 3 2 6 7 4 5 # 6

whither Or thou go'st to the Grange or the Mill. What nither

Me too let me go thither If to either thou dost ill What nither

Neither nither nither nither

Taſto Solo. # # Taſto Solo.

Sy. what nither *f* Thou haſt ſworn it more to me Then whither goeſt ſay whither

Sy. what nither *f* Thou haſt ſworn my Love to be ſay whither

nither

f *p* 6 6 7 7 6 *b*5 4 2 6

I'll go thither what neither I'll go thither I'll go thither. Sy.

I'll go thither what neither I'll go thither I'll go thither. Sy.

You ſtay hither neither neither neither neither thither.

Taſto Solo. 5 Taſto Solo. *f* 5 6 5 5

SONG.

47

The words by M^r. Moore.

As Phillis the gay at the

Moderately fast.

break of the day Went forth to the meadows a maying A Clown lay asleep by a river so deep That round in meanders was straying A

Clown lay a sleep by a ri-ver so deep That round in meanders was straying.

Clown lay a sleep by a ri-ver so deep That round in meanders was straying.

2.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning;
.S' With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with dew,
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning. .S'

3.

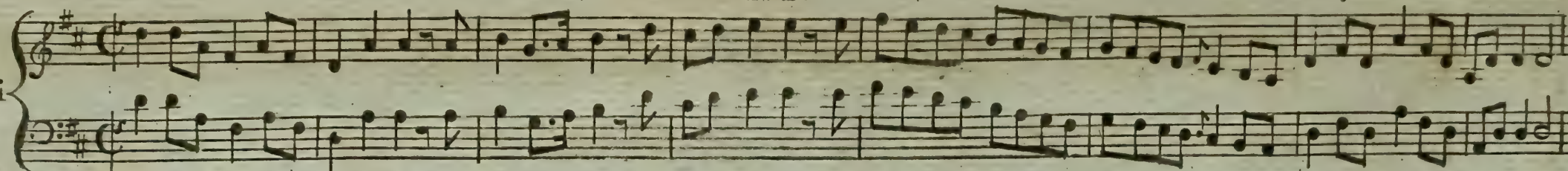
She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising;
.S' She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in surprize,
And blush'd like the Sun at his rising. .S'

4.

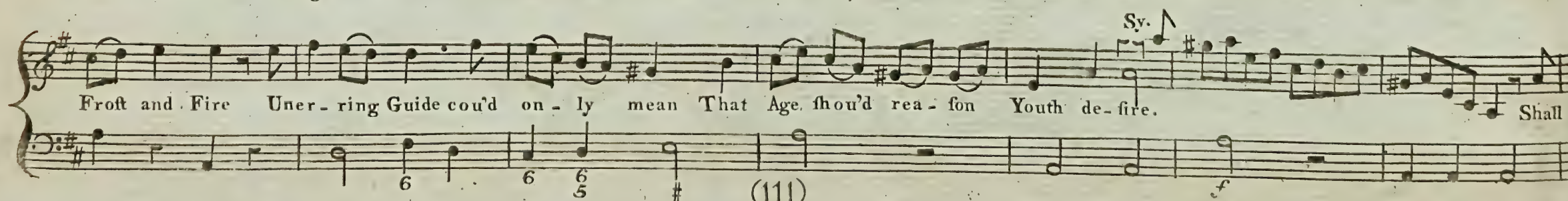
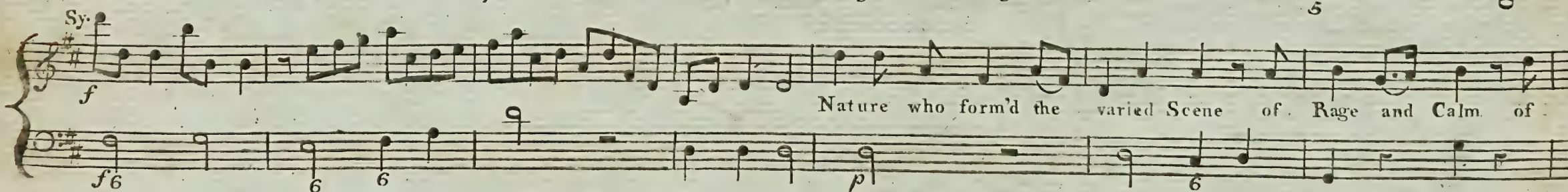
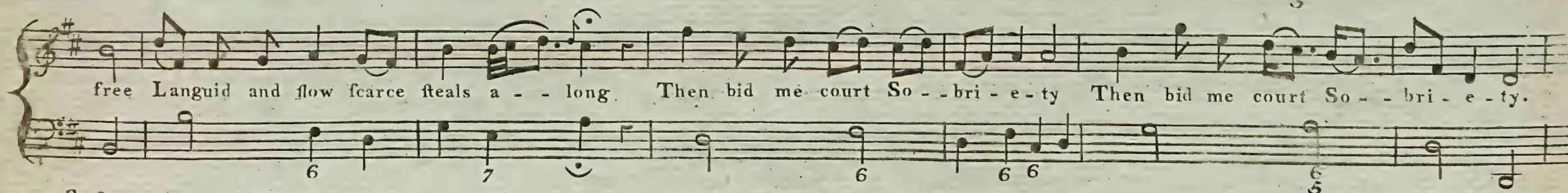
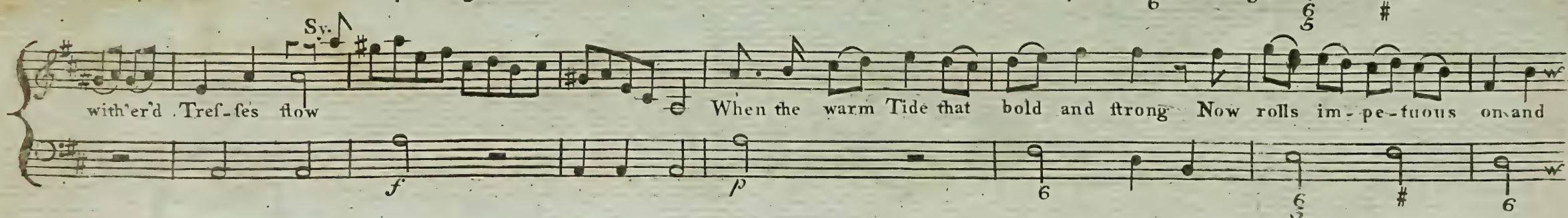
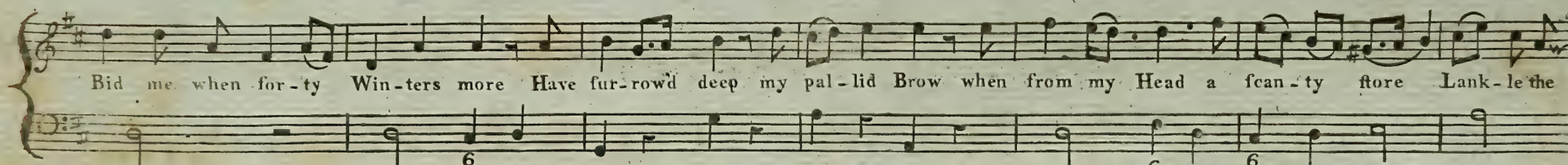
She sung him a song as he leant on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shouder;
.S' She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to enfold her. .S'

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his blessing;
.S' Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd and play'd,
And what they did more there's no guessing. .S'

Presto Affai



Tasto Solo.



then that Re - bel Man presume In-ver - ting Nature's Law to feize The dues of Age in Youth's high bloom And join Im -

- - pof - fi - - bi - li - ties join Im - pof - fi - - bi - li - ties

Allegro No Let me waste the fro-lick May In wan-ton joy and wild ex - cefs. In re-vel

Affai. sport and Laughter gay And Mirth and ro - fy Chear - ful - nefs Woman the Soul of all de - lights And

Wine the aid of Love be near All charms me that to joy in-cites And ev' - ry She that's kind is Fair

And ev' - ry She that's kind is Fair

(112)

A SCOTS CANTATA.

RECIT.

Blate Jon - ny faint - ly told fair Jean his Mind Jea - ny took pleasure to de - ny him lang He thought her

scorn came frae a heart un - kind with gaft him in def - pair tune up thi Sang.

Moderato.

O bon - ny laf - fie since 'tis fae That I'm def - - pis'd by Thee - - I hate to live but O I'm

wae and un - ko sweer to die - - - Dear Jea - ny think what do - wy hours I

thole by your dif - - - dain - - - Ah! should a breast fae fast as yours con - tain a heart of stane - - - Ah... should a

breast sae fast-- as yours con tain a heart of stane. Sy.

5 4 6 6 6 4 #3 3 - 6 4 # 6 # 3 - 6 4

RECIT.

These ten-der Notes did a her pi-ty move with mel-ting heart she list-ned to the bey O'er-come the

6 b5 6

smil'd and pro-mis'd him her love He in re-turn thus sang his ri-sing Joy

6 6 7

Allegro

Hence frae my breast con tentious care Ye've Tint the pow'r to pine My Jea-ny's good my Jea-ny's fair and a her sweets are mine My Jea-ny's good my Jea-ny's fair and a her sweets are mine. Sy. Volti.

6 6 6 6 6 4 2 6 6 6 4 3 b5 6 5 4 2 6 6

(112)

O spread thine Arms and give me fowth of dear enchanting blifs A thousand Joys a-round thy mouth Gi'e heav'n with il-ka kifs A thou-sand Joys a-

-round thy mouth Gi'e heav'n with il-ka kifs Gi'e heav'n gie heav'n with il-ka kifs.

AMOUR SANS SOUCIS.

The words by Colly Cibber Esq^r

All! Affai.

I vain wou'd Honour Love un-doe Falso let her

be she's fair The hour she's kind that hour she's true And kind is all my care - - And kind is all my care.

Tasto Solo

Shall I re-sist that kind lin eve that looks to me in - - clind Or Id - - ly fear a Ri - vals joy Is

dee - per in her mind Or Id - ly fear a Ri - vals joy Is dee - per in her mind.

2.
 No, no, ye Gods her present joy,
 Gives rapture such excess,
 'Twere folly to let doubts destroy,
 What now is real bliss:
 Let your Heroick fighters quest,
 The Game of Souls refin'd.
 My humble, happier heart shall rest,
 Content, with fair and kind.

SONG.

The words by M^r. Colman.

Tender.

Each hour Ma-ri-a-na each mo-ment I prove What.

strange con-tra-ri-e-ties ming-le in love Now lif-ted by hope and now sunk by def-pair This mo-ment dif-trac-ted the

next void of care This mo-ment dif-trac-ted the next void of care.

When fondly I gaze, if you cheerfully smile,
 What ravishing transports the minutes beguile;
 If sternly you frown, O what torments I feel,
 How vainly endeavour my love to conceal.

3.

When e'er I consider that sweetness of mind,
 Which always to pity the wretched inclin'd;
 Which strives to exalt, when misfortunes depress;
 Hope whispers me Collin, you're sure of success.

Or if by change, again deceiv'd,
 I find the Sex untrue;
 At least by changing I'm reliev'd,
 And raptures past renew:
 Thus, nor the pain, nor anxious care,
 I feel of higher joy;
 But while the Wanton's wing the air,
 I shoot them as they fly.

But on my demerits when e'er I reflect,
 In ev'ry thing noble, how great my defect;
 How unworthy those blessings which beauty bestows;
 Despair cries, ah Collin, how great are thy woes.

5.

You alone Mariana, can minister rest,
 You only can calm, and give peace to my breast;
 Then pity the wretch you was born to enslave,
 Nor cruelly kill, when you kindly can save.

Tender.

Since I with Chloe last was seen When she re-fus'd my
of - - - fer'd vow My Flocks and I are rown so lean That our best friends scarce know us now My Flocks and I may
droop but she looks gay - er for our mi - se - ry looks gayer for our mi - - se - ry.

2.
I've often wonder'd when I've seen
A Peach so fair, so soft without,
Contain a stone so hard within,
But now my wonder all is out;
Since Chloe's breast more soft, more fair,
Contains a harder heart by far.

3.
I carv'd her name upon an Oak,
The name and Oak together grew,
But when of love to her I spoke,
Her breast no so impression knew;
O that a breast so fair, shou'd be
Less yielding than the roughest Tree.

4.
The Spring returns, and see how Love
Exerts his universal sway.
Hark, how from Hill, from vale and Grove,
To him resounds the en'ral lay;
But Chloe still unmov'd remains,
And in her breast cold winter reigns.

5.
Philander dying, to me gave
His flocks, his herds, his corn and hay,
My meads the richest pastures have
And Fortune smiles on me each day;
But what are Fortune's smiles to me,
Since Chloe, I've but frowns from thee.

6.
Friends and companions, farewell all,
I'll die constant as I lov'd;
But stop your sighs, no tears let fall,
Of Chloe learn to be unmov'd:
When her lamb died she wept, but she
Will not bestow one sigh on me.

Musical score for the song "The heavy hours are almost past". The score is written for piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics. The lyrics are: "The heavy hours are almost past That part my love and me My longing eyes may hope at last Their on - ly". The score includes fingerings (e.g., 5, 6, 7, 8, 9) and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Sy. with to see But how my Delia will you meet The man you've lost so long Will love in all your pulses beat And tremble on your tongue Will

Sy.

love in all your pulses beat And tremble on your tongue.

2.
Will you in ev'ry look declare,
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each Idly anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame;
Thus Delia thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love.
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us Join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

SONG For a Bass VOICE.

Allegro
Affai.

Tatto Solo.

Rail no more ye learned Al-fes Gainst the joys the bowl supplies

Sy.
f Sound it's depth and fill your glaffes Wis-dom at the bot-tom lies *f* Fill them higher still and higher shal-low draughts per-

f *Tatto Solo.* *p*

- plex the brain Sipping quenches all our fire Bumpers light it up a - gain - - - Sipping quences all our fire Bumpers

Sy.
f light it up a - gain. *f*

76 *Tatto Solo.*

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure;
Enter Jollity and Joy;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ;

Since in life there's nothing certain;
We'll the present hour engage;
And when death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.
And when death &c.

SONG.

The words by MR MOORE, In the Tragedy Call'd the Gamester.

Andante.

(119)

When Da-mon languish'd at - - my feet and I be--liev'd him true The mo-ments of De--

light how sweet But Ah! how swift they flew The Sun - - ny Hill the flow - - ry Vale The Garden and the

Grove Have echo'd to his ardent Tale And Vows of endless Love - - - and vows of endless Love

The Conquest gain'd he left his Prize He left her to complain To talk of Joy with

weep - - ing Eyes And measure time for pain But Heav'n will take the Mourner's part In Pi-ty to def-pair And

the last sigh that rends the Heart shall waft - - the spirit there - - - shall waft - - the spirit there.

THE NON PAREILLE.

All^o ma non troppo.

Nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day And as sweet as the blooming Hawthorn in May Her Tem-per was smooth as the down on the

Dove And her Face was as fair as the Mother's of Love Tho' mild as the plea-fan-tast Zephyr that sheds And re-

- ceives gent-le O-ders from Vi-o-let beds Yet warm in af-fec-tion as Phoe-bus at Noon An as chaste as the

Sil-ver white beams of the Moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new fallen Snow,
And as lively as 'Tints of young Iris his Bow;
As clear as the spring, and as deep as the flood,
Tho' witty, was wise, and tho' Beautiful - good.

The sweets that each Virtue or Grace had in store,
She cull'd, as the Bee does the bloom of each Flow'r,
Which treasur'd for me, O how happy was I.
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

HONOUR. Sing by M^r LOWE at VAUX-HALL.

59

Allegro.

flame of Love fin-cere I felt And screen'd the pas-sion long A Ty-rant in my Soul it dwelt But awe sup-press my

Tongue At length I told the dea-rest Maid My heart was fix'd up-on her But think not I can love the said Not I up-on my

Honour Not I up-on my Honour *f*

2.
The heart that once is roving caught,
The prudent Nymphs distrust;
And must it for a youthful fault,
Be ever deem'd unjust:
So Celia judg'd, so Sense deceed,
And bade me still to shun her;
Your Suit, she said, wont here succeed,
It wont upon my Honour.

3.
Too long I cry'd, I've been to blame,
I with a Sigh confess;
But thou who canst the Rake reclaim,
May new-born passion bless:
Had e'er a Nymph like Celia prov'd,
I could not have undone her.
On thee bright Maid, thou best belov'd,
I doat upon my Honour.

4.
Awhile the fair my Suit repress,
My constancy to prove;
Then with a blush consent express,
And blest me, with her Love:
To Church I led the blooming fair,
Enraptur'd that I'd won her,
And now Life's sweetest joys we share,
We to upon my Honour.

Allegro
Affai.

Plutus vain is all your
Vaunting Wit must Life with Bliss sup-ply Gold a-las, thou'd Wit be wanting Would not find a Joy to buy.
Wit a-lone Creates the Blessing with ex-chag'd for Gold you share Ste- ril Gold a-lone pos- ses- sing What has Man but Gloom and Care.
What has Man but Gloom and Care.

Wit of ev'ry Art Devser,
Ev'ry Passion can controul;
Can to pity move the Miser,
Can with mirth dilate his Soul.

Gold, it self on Wit depending,
Thence derives its utmost Pow'r;
Folly, all profusely spending,
Folly, hoarding all is Poor.
Folly, hoarding &c.

SONG.

The Words by a LADY of QUALITY.

Vivace.

While on my

Co-lin's knee. I fit Lur'd by thy voice charm'd with thy wit My panting heart true measure beats And ladly ev' - ry sigh re-peats *f*

I sigh with joy that thou may't see I Sympathise in all in all with thee I sigh with joy that thou may't

see I Sympa-thise in all with thee No matter how the Ice was broke or whether you or I first spoke

Larghetto. Who on - ly barter love for love The niceness of the passion prove. For oft' in gratitude we give And some times genrouly receive

Dolce Moderato. Level'd by love let neither try To fix supe-ri-o-ri-ty To fix su-pe-ri-o-ri-ty Since all the kind the fond con -

- test Of whether you or I love best whether you or I love best Like heedless touching a wrong key But jars the sound jars the sound of harmony jars the sound of

harmony whether you or I love best Like heedless thouching a wrong key But jars the sound jars the sound of har-mo-ny. *f*

(112)

SONG. Sung by M^r LOWE in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Moderato.

SONG: Sung by M. LOWE in the CONCERTO EVANGELICUM

Moderato.

Does the lang-uid foul com-plain
Vir-tuous love shall chase the pain
Or if love wou'd truth at-tend Ho-nour
shou'd be Vir-tue's friend
Honour shou'd be vir-tue's friend
Does the lang-uid foul com-plain
Vir-tuous love shall chase the pain
Or if love wou'd truth at-tend
Honour shou'd be vir-tue's friend
if love if love wou'd truth--at-tend
Honour shou'd be virtue's friend
Honour shou'd be
virtue's friend if love if love shou'd truth at-tend
Honour shou'd be virtue's friend
Honour shou'd be virtue's friend

(112)

All^o Affai.

Glory is not half so fair as bright Virtue's ri-sing star

Female

truth with sense com-bin'd Wins and claims the gen'-rous mind Wins and claims the gen'-rous mind

fair. as bright Virtue's ri-sing star Female truth with sense combin'd Wins and claims the gen'-rous mind Wins and claims the

gen'-rous mind. Glory is not half so fair as bright Vir-tue's ri-sing star Female

truth with sense com-bin'd Wins and claims the gen'-rous mind Female truth with sense com-bin'd Wins and

claims the gen'-rous mind.

(112)

SONG. Sung by Miss STEVENSON.

All! ma non troppo.

Thyris re-clin'd by her side he lov'd best With a sigh her soft hand to his bo-som he prest While his passion he breath'd in the Grove

As the Bird to his nest still re- turns for re- pose As back to it's fountain the constant stream flows So true and un- chang'd is my

love. So true and un- chang'd is my love.

2.
 'If e'er this heart roves, or revolts from it's Chains,
 'May Ceres intrage quit the Vallies and plains,
 'May Pan his protecton deny;
 'In vain wou'd young Phillis and Laura be kind,
 'On the lips of another no rapture I find,
 'With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

3.
 More still had he swore - but the Queen 'of the Maye
 Young Jenny the wanton, by chance pass'd that Way,
 And sought sweet repose in the shade;
 With sorrow, Young Lovers, I tell the sad tale,
 The las was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
 And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

4.
 To comfort the Nymph, And her los to supply,
 In the form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh,
 Of Shepherds the envy and pride;
 Ah, blame not the Maid, if o'ercome by his truth,
 Her hand and her heart, she bestow'd on the youth,
 And the next morn beheld her his bride.

5.
 Learn rather from Silvia's example ye fair,
 That a pleasing revenge shou'd take place of despair,
 Give sorrow and care to the wind;
 If faithful the swain, to his passion be true,
 If false - seek redress from a lover that's new
 And pay each Inconstant in kind.

DIALOGUE. Sung by M^r LOWE and Miss STEVENSON at VAUX-HALL.

65

Allegro

Nymph and each swain to the Grove For Venus is there 'tis the sea-son of love. O-bey the kind summons for if she's de-fy'd Your

Coldness she'll conquer and pu-nish your Pride O-bey the kind summons for if she's de-fy'd Your

Coldness she'll conquer and pu-nish your Pride.

She. 2.
But trust me, ye Fair, nor too heedlessly run,
The path of delight is the road ye shou'd shun;
Fly far from the Grove, if Venus is there,
Her summons is cruel, her smiles are a snare
Fly far from &c.

He. 3.
Sure nature was never averse to delight
When pleasure is present, fear soon takes his flight;
Proud Nymph if by kindness you scorn to be warm'd,
Remember that Venus her Cupid has arm'd.
Proud Nymph &c.

She. 4.
I fear not his vengeance, his bow or his darts,
'Tis credulous folly that softens our hearts;
But Virtue's the shield those hearts can secure,
And Passion's a sickness Discretion may cure.
But Virtue's &c.

He. 5.
Discretion. Why Venus wou'd laugh at the name,
If once in your bosom she kindles a flame;
In spite of yourself you'd hie to the Grove,
For Reason can't struggle with Nature and Love.
In spite of &c.

She.
Go Leave me De - cei - ver let Rea - son pre - vail 'Gainst Nature and Pas - sion let Fear turn the scale. Nay

He.
Nay Fai - rest be kinder

Trai - tor for - bear I to Honour and Fear Nay Traitor forbear

To Love I'm a slave Nay Farest be kinder

To Love you're a slave I to Hon - our and Fear.

To Love I'm a slave you to Hon - our and Fear.

THE LAPLAND CTANTATA FROM THE SPECTATOR.

RECIT.

Thou ri - sing Sun whose glad some ray Invites my Fair to ru - ral play Dis - pel the mists and clear the

Tender.

fkies And bring my Or-ra to my eyes Oh! - - - Oh! were I fure my dear to view

6 6 $\frac{7}{3}$ 6 6 5 6 5 6 5 4 6 6

I'd climb that Pine-trees top - most bough A-loft in air that quiv'ring plays And round - and round for e - - ver gaze

6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$

RECIT.

My Or-ra Moor where where art thou laid What Wood con-ceals my flee-ping maid.

6 5 6 6 5

With Spirit.

Faſt by the roots en-rag'd I'll tear the trees en - - rag'd - - I'll tear the trees that hide my pro-miſ'd

6 $\frac{\#}{3}$ $\frac{\#}{3}$ 6 6 \flat $\frac{\flat}{6}$ 6 \flat 5 \flat 4 $\frac{\#}{3}$

Fair Oh - - I could ride the cloud and fkies Or on the Ra-ven's pinions riſe Ye

6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6 5 6 $\frac{\#}{6}$ $\frac{\#}{6}$ 6

Stroks ye Swans a mo-ment ſtay And waſt - - a lo-ver on his way And waſt a lo-ver on his way Ye

6 6 6 7 4 3 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 7 6 7 4 3 6

Stroks ye Swans a mo - - ment stay And waft a lo - - ver on his way waft - a lo - - ver

RECIT.
on his way. My bliss too long my bride denies A - pace the waf - ting sum - mer flies Nor yet the wintry blasts I

fear Nor storms or night shall keep me here.

Moderato. What may for strength with steel com - pare Oh. Love Love

Love has fet - ters strong - er far strong - - er fet - ters far By bolts of steel are limbs con - fin'd But cru - el love

cru - el love in - chains in - - - chains the mind.

Brisk.

No long-er then per-plex thy breast When thoughts tor-ment the first are
 best. 'Tis mad to go 'tis death to stay A-way a-way - - to Or-ra haste a-way a-
 - way a-way a-way to Or-ra haste a-way. No long-er then per-ple thy breast when.
 thoughts tor-ment the first are best 'Tis mad to go 'tis death to stay 'tis death to stay A - -
 - way to Or-ra haste a-way a-way a-way a-way To Or-ra haste a-way a-way a-way To
 Or-ra haste a-way a-way a-way To Or-ra haste a-way a-way a-way.

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Overture to Handel's Water Music

HANDEL'S WATER MUSICK.

OVERTURE.

The image displays a handwritten musical score for Handel's Water Music. The first section, labeled "OVERTURE.", consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some accidentals (sharps and flats). The bass line provides a harmonic foundation with similar rhythmic patterns. The second section, labeled "Allegro", also consists of two staves. The tempo is indicated by the word "Allegro" in the left margin. The melody continues in the treble clef, with a more active and rhythmic character. The bass line is more active, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) in the middle of the section. The score is written in a clear, elegant hand, typical of 18th-century musical notation. There are some markings above the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or breath marks, and a "Hautb." marking appears in the middle of the second section.

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely a manuscript for a piano or organ. The page contains six systems of music, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system is numbered 73 in the upper right corner. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, suggesting a fast tempo. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in the sixth system.

Adagio
e
Staccato.

First system of the Adagio e Staccato section. The Hautbois (Haut.) part is on the top staff, and the Violoncello (Vio.) part is on the bottom staff. Both parts feature a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like *f*.

Second system of the Adagio e Staccato section, continuing the melodic lines for Hautbois and Violoncello.

Allegro.

First system of the Allegro section. The Corni (Horns) part is on the top staff, and the Violoncello (Vio.) part is on the bottom staff. The Corni part features a series of eighth notes, while the Vio. part has a more rhythmic, dotted pattern.

Second system of the Allegro section, continuing the parts for Corni and Violoncello.

Third system of the Allegro section, continuing the parts for Corni and Violoncello.

Fourth system of the Allegro section, continuing the parts for Corni and Violoncello. The system includes multiple measures for both instruments, with some dynamic markings like *f*.

Handwritten musical score for strings and horns, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Instrument labels above the staves include:

- Corni.
- Vio.
- Corni.
- Vio.
- Corni.
- Vio.

Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *h* (hairpins).

The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Adagio.

Handwritten musical score for a string quartet, page 76. The score is in 3/4 time and consists of four systems of staves. The first system is marked "Adagio." and the second system is marked "Adgº". The third system is marked "Corni." and the fourth system is marked "Córni.". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

This page contains ten systems of handwritten musical notation. Each system consists of two staves, likely representing a grand staff. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as 'h' (forte) and 'w' (piano). The key signature is predominantly one flat (B-flat). The first system includes a repeat sign. The second system ends with the instruction 'Da Capo.' The third system begins with a 'C' time signature. The fourth system includes a '3/4' time signature. The fifth system includes a '3/4' time signature. The sixth system includes a '3/4' time signature. The seventh system includes a '3/4' time signature. The eighth system includes a '3/4' time signature. The ninth system includes a '3/4' time signature. The tenth system includes a '3/4' time signature.

Handwritten musical score for Hornpipe. The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The first system is in C major, 2/4 time. The second system is in D major, 2/4 time. The third system is in D major, 3/2 time, and is labeled "Hornpipe." The fourth system is in D major, 2/4 time. The fifth system is in D major, 2/4 time, and includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and repeat signs.

Handwritten musical score on six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a double bar line on the final system.

Handwritten musical score for page 80, featuring multiple staves for various instruments. The score is written in 3/2 time and includes the following parts:

- Haut:** (Hautbois) - First system, top staff.
- Corni:** (Corni) - Second system, top staff.
- Vio:** (Violini) - Third system, top staff.
- Corni:** (Corni) - Fourth system, top staff.

The score consists of seven systems of music, each with two staves (treble and bass clef). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Da Capo. Minuet.

Lentement.

Da Capo.

Volti.

This page contains a handwritten musical score for a piece in G major (one sharp). It consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, sixteenth notes), rests, and repeat signs. The first system begins with a repeat sign. The second system includes a trill ornament (tr) above a note. The third system features a repeat sign followed by a double bar line. The fourth system also includes a repeat sign. The fifth system shows a key signature change to G minor (two flats) for a section, indicated by a double bar line and a new key signature. The sixth system continues in G minor and ends with a double bar line. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged paper.

Minuet.

Da Capo

FINIS.

